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The Maine Catholic Historical Magazine

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ANNUAL COLLECTION FOR ECCLESIACTICAL STUDENTS

The Bishop's House,
Portland, Maine, Sept. 8, 1914.

Rev. Dear Father:—

The annual collection for the education of priests will be announced in all the Churches of the Diocese on Sunday, Sept. 27, and taken up by the priests at all the Masses on Sunday, Oct. 4.

The assessment on each parish will be the same as on last year.

You are earnestly requested to urge the people to make special gifts for this great purpose, and the letter of last year is recalled to your kind attention, published in the Diocesan Magazine.

With all Apostolic blessings, I am

Yours Sincerely in Christ,

✠ LOUIS S. WALSH,
Bishop of Portland.

THE BISHOP'S HOUSE,
PORTLAND, ME., August 20, 1914.

DEATH OF OUR HOLY FATHER POPE PIUS X.

Rev. Dear Father:

Our Holy Father Pope Pius X, died this morning, August 20, at 1.20 A. M. When the Father of the Catholic people throughout the entire world is dead, all the children share in the sorrow and pour forth their prayers to the Almighty in behalf of the one who has been called to his Eternal Home.

The following instrucions will enable the people and priests of the Diocese of Portland to unite in spirit with the faithful children of the Catholic Church throughout the world, and thus secure one mind, one heart and one soul to show forth Catholic devotions and to give all honor to the memory of the Beloved Pope Pius X.

1. The "Oratio Imperata pro Papa" ceases with the death of the Holy Father.

2. Special prayers wil be offered, either the "De Profundis" or three Our Fathers and three Hail Marys, for the soul of the Deceased Pontiff after each Low Mass from now until the day of the funeral included.

3. On Wednesday, August 26, a Requiem Mass, either a Low Mass, a Missa Cantata or a Solemn Mass (wherever possible) will be offered in each Parish Church of the Diocese, early in the morning so as to have a large number of the faithful present. In the Cathedral at Portland a Solemn Pontifical Mass at Requiem will be offered on the same day at 10.00 A. M., and all the priests of Portland and vicinity are respectfully invited to be present.

4. The church bells will be tolled on Wednesday, before and after the Mass, and, on the day of the funeral in Rome will be tolled at 8.00 A. M.

ELECTION OF THE NEW BISHOP OF ROME.

On the day after the funeral and every day until the election of a new Holy Father, the special Collect "Pro Eligendo Summo Pontifice" will be added on all days when the Rubrics will permit.

On the day of the election of the new Holy Father, or as soon as certain news has come, Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament will be given in each parish church on the afternoon or evening, and a solemn prayer of thanksgiving, the "Te Deum," recited or chanted dnring the Benediction.

With all Apostolic Blessings, I am

Yours sincerely in Christ,
LOUIS S. WALSH,
Bishop of Portland.

DIOCESAN CHRONOLOGY FOR AUGUST

1. Rev Antonio Petillo, an Italian priest, came to take charge of Italian Catholics in Portland and in the Diocese.

2. Sunday: Collection for the Holy Father in all the Churches of the Diocese. Prayers for "Peace in Europe" begun in all the Churches.

4. Funeral of the late Rev. John W. Power, assistant at the Cathedral, held in Boston at the Church of the Most Holy Redeemer, Roxbury, at 11 A. M. Rt. Rev. Mgr. M. C. McDonough, V. G., a large number of priests of the Diocese of Portland and a good representation of the laity from Portland present.
Sister M. Josephine, fourth Mother Superior of the Ursulines in S. Francis de Sales, Waterville, died, after a lingering illness.
Visit of Rt. Rev. Bishop to Augusta and Gardiner.

5. Solemn Pontifical Mass of Requiem for the late Rt. Rev. Bishop Healy. (Anniversary.)

6. Rt. Rev. Bishop Werhle of No. Dakota, passenger on German Steamship Cecilie at Bar Harbor, spent the day in Portland, en route to his home.

7. Rt. Rev. Bishop went to Bar Harbor to give Confirmation and for school matters.

8. Conference at Bar Harbor on plans and specifications for new schoolhouse. Visit to Seal Harbor.

9. Sunday: Bishop officiated at 6.15 Mass in Church of Most Holy Redeemer, and assisted at High Mass at 10.30, also preached at both Masses and blessed the Corner Stone of the new schoolhouse at the close of the High Mass.
Confirmation at 3.30, instruction by the Bishop, the procesion to place the Corner Stone.
Bishop left by boat and train at 9 P. M. for Bangor.

10. Conference with several priests at Bangor. Train at 2.40 P. M. for Houlton.
Conference with Fr. Marcoux and John B. Madigan, Esq., on Hospital matters.

11. Inspection of work on new Hospital building and grounds. Meeting of the Corporation of the Northern Maine General Hospital 10 A. M. Bishop returned to Bangor and had a conference with some of the priests in the vicinity on the Missions.

12. Conference with several priests at St. Mary's Rectory. Train at 12.25 for Portland.

14. Rt. Rev. Bishop Harkins came to spend a few days.

18. Rev. James P. O'Brien appointed administrator of the Sacred Heart Church at Winn and the missions.

19. Visit to West Parsonsfield, where Mass was said on Sunday, Aug. 19, in a private house, and was told about several persons and a few Catholic families. First disquieting news from Rome on the illness of the Holy Father.

20. The Holy Father, Pope Pius X, died at Rome, 1.20 A. M. Beautiful tribute of praise and affection for late Holy Father in all the newspapers, especially for his noble and saintly trait of character.
Statement on the Holy Father for the Press and a letter for the priests and people prepared.

26. Wednesday: Solemn Pontifical Mass of Requiem for the late Pope Pius X offered in the Cathedral, the Rt. Rev. Bishop officiating and preaching.
A Requiem Mass was offered in every Parish Church of the Diocese.

30. Sunday: Solemn Reception of Habit at St. Joseph's Convent, Deering, 5 P. M., by eight postutants.

31. Solemn Profession of ten Sisters of Mercy at St. Joseph's Convent, Deering, 8 A. M.

Augusta: St. Mary's Parish—The Sisters of Mercy arrived, on August 21, to take charge of the new Catholic School, and to visit the sick.

Houlton: The Sisters of Mercy arrived on August 29 to take charge of the new Madigan Hospital.

Rumford: St. John's Parish. The Sisters of Ste. Chretienne arrived to take charge of the new Catholic School.

Rangeley: New Chapel on property bought May 11, 1914, opened and first Mass offered on Sunday, July 12, by Rev. Thomas McLaughlin.

Notes—Some of the Dominican Fathers (French) at Lewiston, and the Marist Fathers (French) at Van Buren, called to serve in the army for the war now unhappily raging in Europe.

PIUS X. LETTER FROM THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 20, 1914.

Your Lordship:

It is with deepest sorrow that I communicate to you the sad news of the death of our glorious Pontiff, Pius X. I am sure that the sorrow we feel is shared in by all the clergy and faithful of the United States.

Pius X reigned only eleven years, but the works that he accomplished in this short time clearly show that it was Divine Providence that placed in his hands the government of the universal Church.

His condemnation of the modern methods of attacking the Catholic faith, his defence of the rights of the Church against the mighty ones of the earth, his regulations concerning sacred music and the recital of the divine office, the reorganization of the Roman Curia, and the undertaking of the codification of Canon Law, the reform of ecclesiastical seminaries, and finally the decree regarding frequent communion and the communion of children, are deeds that testify to the eminence of his zeal and the nobility of his virtue. These glorious achievements will assure him his place among the most glorious Pontiffs of the Church of Christ.

What adds to his glory is the fact that while he was engaged in these laborious works, he ever preserved his calmness and serenity in spirit of the severe trials that afflicted him in so many ways. His paternal love for all nations, especially for America, is known to all. His constant prayer was to see all nations at peace, and it was grief over the sorrows that war inflicted upon his children that brought him to his grave. While then Pius X will be known as the Pope of the People, and the Pope of the Blessed Eucharist, future generations will proclaim him also the Pope of Peace.

As in grief and sorrow we bow over the grave of this glorious Pontiff, let us pay him the worthy homage of our esteem and love by praying for the repose of his beautiful soul. Let us also pray for the speedy accomplishment of his dying wish—the end of war, and peace among all nations. Finally, let us not forget to pray that God may give His Church a man according to His heart, a worthy successor of our beloved Pius X.

With sentiments of highest esteem and profound respect, I beg to remain,

Sincerely yours in Christ

JOHN BONZANO, *Archbishop of Melitene,*
Apostolic Delegate.

In Memoriam

PRAYERS OFFERED THROUGHOUT THE DIOCESE OF PORTLAND FOR THE REPOSE OF THE SOUL OF

PIUS X

PONTIFICAL MASS OF REQUIEM IN THE CATHEDRAL OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, PORTLAND, MAINE

THE UNIVERSAL WORLD AT THE TOMB OF THE DEAD PONTIFF

In response to the Rt. Rev. Bishop's letter of August 20th, the Catholic people of the Diocese of Portland assembled in their various parish churches on the morning of August 26th, 1914, to kneel with all the world in spirit at the tomb of the departed Pius X and to offer up their heartfelt prayers for the repose of his immortal soul. The attendance was everywhere satisfactory, and the memorial services as solemn as circumstances permitted.

Of unusual solemnity was the Pontifical mass of requiem at the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, which was decorated with the Papal colors and emblems of deep mourning. A bust of the Pope, a personal gift of the Pontiff to Bishop Walsh while on a recent visit to the Vatican was given a place of honor amid the decorations and was banked with flowers.

A large representation of distinguished officials of the State, county and city, as well as prominent members of the bar, professional and business life of the community, were present upon the invitation of Bishop Walsh.

The officers of the mass were:

Celebrant—Rt. Rev. Louis S. Walsh, D. D.

Assistant Priest—Rt. Rev. A. A. Hamel, P. R., Westbrook.

Deacons of Honor—Rev. Fr. T. P. Linehan, P. R., Biddeford, and Rev. Fr. T. F. Butler, P. R., Lewiston.

Deacon of the Mass—Rev. Fr. Louis Bergeron, Westbrook.

Sub-deacon of the Mass—Rev. Fr. A. Pettillo, pastor of St. Peter's church.

Masters of Ceremonies—Rev. Fr. G. P. Johnson and Rev. Fr. M. O. Keefe.

Before the final absolution Bishop Walsh delivered the Eulogy, taking his text from St. Luke's Gospel VII, 49.

Text:—"I am come to cast fire on the earth; and what will I but that it be kindled?"—Luke xii, 49.

In a discourse remarkable for its eloquence, and mastery of his subject, the Rt. Rev. Bishop said:

"Pope Pius X, is dead—the Papacy will never die. Each great Pope, or Holy Father, as we reverently call him, presents some dominant idea, and this idea is portrayed by some striking text of Holy Writ. The words of my text "I am come to cast fire on the earth and what will I but that it be kindled?" may well be put upon the lips of the late Pope Pius X; for, whatever may be the value of Saint Malachy's prophecy applied to him, Ignis Ardens, these words do portray his priestly mind and heart, filled to overflowing with Apostolic zeal.

What then is the true historic conception of the papacy and what are the striking features of the late Pope in the fulfillment of that mission? The true idea of the Papacy is both spiritual and temporal. When our Lord spoke to Peter in the presence of the other Apostles, He said to him "Thou art Peter, and on this rock (Peter) I will build my Church;" "To thee I will give the keys of the kingdom;" "Feed my lambs, feed my sheep." To no other were spoken any such wonderful words.

The divine Founder of the Church thus gave to Peter a precedence of honor, permanent dignity and authority above the other Apostles. It was not and never could be a question of mere expert interpretation of one such text. No such ground could bear the immense structure we now know. The conscience of the Christian world in Apostles and peoples accepted, respected, adopted and adapted that precedence to the organic development of the Christian institution that we call The Church.

It was a personal and official gift to Peter, and while Peter might have attached it to one place or other, Alexandria, Jerusalem or Antioch, he finally lived, suffered and died in Rome, a martyr to his apostolic vocation. Thus was attached to Rome for all ages the same precedence as he had and used; to his successors it passed and to all his succesors it must pass to the end of time.

The Christian conscience not only accepted and respected such precedence of dignity and authority, it also developed, increased and made it more beautiful, as that conscience was called upon to apply Christian ideals in doctrine, worship and law to the old or the new complex conditions of the world's growth.

It was primarily a spiritual mission for a spiritual aim and fruits, and any other mission directly flowing from it or added to it must only be as a means to an end, necessary or most use-

ful for that end. Such were many of the aspects of the papal power in property, in international and supra-national rights which flowed from that first divine gift or were added by the free, cheerful, generous heart of the Christian world.

It is not the time nor place to prove these facts, but one must be color—if not stone-blind to all the historic relations of the Papacy to the Nations, especially of Europe, not to see and realize the hand of God writing in letters of gold upon the pages of history, giving, sanctioning, blessing the second great sphere of influence, without which perhaps the Papacy did live and conquer and without which, if need be, it can again conquer and guide civilized humanity.

Who that has looked upon the Emperor Charlemague in Saint Peter's Church at Rome, crowned on Christmas Day, 800, by Pope Leo III, will for one moment deny that such power, whatever be its divine or human origin, uplifted, steadied and strengthened those trembling, though giant arms, then fashioning into nations the civilized barbarian hordes.

Who that either in anger or with sympathy has pictured the scene of another Emperor, Henry IV, of Germany, kneeling in penance at Canossa and asking pardon from the Holy Father can for a moment doubt that it was and is good to have some power in this world to recall even kings and emperors to their senses and respect for the rights of peoples.

Who that contemplates the double scene of one hundred years ago, the Emperor Napoleon, bound, on his way to exile at Saint Helena and Pope Pius VII, his former prisoner, marching in triumph back to Rome, can hesitate to proclaim these events as the turning points for the liberty of the Christian Church in this world and who will not exalt the power of Peter that made such a triump possible. These were all outgrowths of the spiritual and temporal power of the Papacy.

This double supremacy passed from one Pope to another. The first, absolutely divine and otherwise impossible, is also necessary and immutable. The second, perhaps not necessary, yet has been for the good of humanity and may yet again be freely acknowledged in the Vicar of Christ upon earth.

No two Pontiffs are alike, and the hereditary caste, whatever be its high value or danger, has never enlightened nor disgraced the Papal succession, for it is impossible.

Individuality of talent, character, experience, family traits, social standing, aptitudes, may and do all differ in succeeding Pontiffs, for there is no succession of these gifts with the personal and official powers attached to Peter's throne.

When Pope Leo XIII, of happy memory, died eleven years ago, the world poured forth a tribute of love and praise rarely equalled even in the ages of faith. Intellectually a giant, Pope Leo was also of aristocratic blood and, by his wonderful career,

a diplomat of unsurpassed skill and prudence. At Brussels and Rome he did illumine the world, won the respect of the same world for this ideal of the Papacy, and admiration for himself as a scholar and a man. Yet few, if any, of the Roman Pontiffs ever demanded both spiritual and temporal power beyond the same Pope Leo.

His successor, quite contrary to all the prophecies and hopes, comes forward to bless the multitude.

He was a peasant boy, an humble country and village priest and pastor, a Bishop who knew his people and whose people knew him, as our Lord so beautifully expressed that relationship, a Patriarch Archbishop of Venice, whose apostolic zeal was his one and only great proclaimed characteristic.

He had never been away from Italy, his own well-loved native land, never had followed the varying tides of the world's currents in religion, politics or society, yet he was legitimately called and he responded like the Prophet Samuel of old "Behold I am here because Thou hast called me." Joseph Sarto, Patriarch of Venice, took the name of Pius X.

After his three score and ten years among the people of northern Italy, and amid the turmoil of a new civilization founded on revolution, bloodshed and the rights of man, he was not a novice in experience and government. He knew and had often said "the people are to be the future kings," and now the world vision, and not the Italian horizon was his right and duty When he took his stand upon the mountain-top of Sion, as Vicar of Christ, whose country was now to be all the nations, the vision outside of the Church was appalling, while within the fold there were good reasons for anxiety.

The world at large was growing lukewarm, if not cold, towards all religions, while the Christian religion by its serious divisions, had lost its hold upon the public conscience of the nations. The work of fifteen hundred years of positive Christian civilization was being assaulted by the destructive forces of Socialism and Anarchy, having no fear of God in the heart and only contempt for the Christian ideals of authority in the home, in the State and in the Church.

The so-called masters of science openly proposed to remove every vestige of religion from the educational processes that fashioned men and women, and thus to create, as it were, nations without God and without Christ the Lord, for the educational spirit and environment always make the people.

The rulers of the nations were not rising above the tides, and, unable to stem them, were substituting might and majorities for eternal truth, right and righteousness, at the same time audaciously playing the part of the Pharisee in the Gospel, extolling each his own righteousness and assurance while despising in his heart the poor Publican and people who did not dare lift their eyes.

Luxury, the historic outcome of unbridled power, and unparalelled wealth had gone beyond all the conceptions of imperial Rome, medieval Florence, or royal France of the seventeenth century, and immorality, with sure degeneracy and decadence as its children, seemed to walk the streets in broad daylight as freely as in the dark alleyways of a great city.

Within the Church the good Pope Pius discovered what he thought many of the same germs planted more or less secretly in the schools of Philosophy and even Theology, fostered, or at least not checked, by the laxity of discipline that had brought demoralization and wide-spread ruin to Holy Church in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

How far this vision was true is not now the important point. It was his strong personal and official belief and he set for himself the task of stemming the tide, hoping to eventually overcome it by the pure clear wters from the Christian fountains of knowledge and virtue. Thus then he proclaimed his high purpose by one of those pregnant, striking, crystal-like words of Holy Writ, "to establish all things in Christ," "omnia instaurare in Christo." Saint Paul first used this expression in writing to the pagans and Diana-worshippers of Ephesus, luxuriant city of the Orient; now Pope Pius applied it to the liberty-loving and luxury-living people of the world.

It was his way of attacking evil by sowing good seeds. He well remembered the Gospel narrative of the two disciples who came to the Master and said to him "did you not sow good seed in your field? Whence then hath it cockle?" And the Master answered "an enemy hath done this." The disciples then said "shall we not go and root up the bad growth?" "No," said the gentle Lord, "lest in so doing you tear up also the good grain. Let both grow until the harvest-time and I will say to the reapers, 'gather up the good grain, put it into my barns; the cockle bind up and make it into bundles for the fire.'"

Pope Pius X began by personal instruction to the people at Rome and ordering all bishops and priests to give plain catechetical instruction on the essential, important Christian truths. His own homilies showed a love of Holy Writ and a familiarity with its pages of wisdom that astounded his hearers.

He rebuked the showy, worldly and sensuous theatrical music in the churches as contrary to the spirit of prayer, absolutely foreign if not degrading to the true sense of worship and devotion.

He recalled the words of our Lord to the Apostles and disciples, "you are the salt of the earth, you are the light of the world." In a wonderful letter entitled, "Exhortation to the Clergy," he traced out the spirit, vocation, virtues, duties and enduring sacrifices, that priests accept and live up to in their private lives and public ministry if they wish to hold the affec-

tion of the people for the Church, remembering always that they are the ambassadors of Christ "who came into the world for us and for our salvation;" hence the representatives must have only that one thought for the people and the people's salvation.

He will be known as the Pope of the people and the Apostolic Pope, so also will be called the Pope of the Blessed Sacrament.

He hearkened back to the early ages, when every person assisting at Holy Mass also received Holy Communion, while now he saw the little children pushed away, as it were, from the Holy Table by what he tremed a false view and a Jansenistic spirit. He loudly denounced both evils, hence his wonderful pages of decrees on early, daily and frequent Communion for the faithful both in health and in sickness.

In the application of the new and what he loved to call the simple spirit of reform in administration in parish, diocese and the Roman disciplinary congregations, his work has been simply gigantic, unparelelled even by any Pontiff since the Council of Trent, excepting perhaps Pope Sixtus V. Old laws, traditions, customs, that had produced complex, confusing conditions, he set himself to oppose or uproot, often to the consternation of old, conservative heads, and was fully aware that the fruits of such reforms could only be seen, or even come forth, in another generation.

Above and beyond all other aims and designs, the beloved Pontiff saw the source of all these modern evils, in and out of the Church in a perverse or perverted mental attitude towards the truths of Faith and Revelation, hence the numberless false ideas, teachings or opinions on truth, law, authority and the moral code, divine and human.

Summing up all the hydra-headed errors and spirits into one word and at the same time not wishing a false meaning to be attached to this word, he called the monster, "Modernism," struck at its head vehement and oft repeated blows, until he felt that it was no longer capable of hiding its action or being an agent for evil.

The humble peasant priest, the gentle, loving Bishop and the pious apostle became, like David, a king and warrior, bold in defence of his chosen people and the Spouse of Christ, which we call the Church. Wherever there was insubordination or attempt at revolt by priest or people, he seemed to put on the armor and use the spear of Saint Michael in defence of God and the rights of God.

The gentle dove became the lion in the House of Israel.

Thus in eleven years has Pope Pius X worked out his aim and ambition to restore Christ to His lawful place in the heart of man, family, priest, bishop and Church.

In his work to safeguard the temporal aspects of the Papacy, at least in the essential lines and sufficient to insure the liberty and free exercises of all the divine spiritual prerogatives, he has been equally strong and no less unyielding.

It was thought, hoped and said by many that he would finally give up all claims to the rights demanded and defended, so strongly defended, by his illustrious predecessor. But such thinkers little knew the spirit and will power of the humble pastor.

The veto power unfairly used and cowardly invoked by an Emperor had alone brought about his election to be Bishop of Rome. The first act of Pius X was to take away forever and from every worldly power the favor that had been granted in ages of faith to the real protectors and benefactors of the church. This showed the temper of the new Pontiff, who was to put forward a like spirit at every new opportunity.

The Papacy was not only a divine mission to teach and govern the people of the fold, it was a great moral international power, and as the Father of at least 250,000,000 of souls belonging to every nation in the known world, he must proclaim and defend that power in every nation.

The wordlings and opportunists clamored louder than ever before, that the new Holy Father should yield, precisely because he was the Shepherd rather than a King, a man of virtue rather than a man of power, but they reckoned not well with their host.

True it is that no Pontiff ever cared less for the wealth and pomp of worldly power or sought more to place the spiritual arms of the Christian Church in their true setting. But no Pontiff, likewise, saw more clearly the absolute necessity of independence from royal, imperial or even democratic shackles, if the true liberty of "preaching the Gospel to every creature" were to be safe and sure.

Not for him to give up, sacrifice or compromise any of these essential prerogatives, that centuries of evangelical faith, hope and charity among the nations had consecrated.

Not for him to throw away the armor plate that was welded by the hand of God when He, the Almighty, directed the conscience of Christian nations of long ago, and used only to protect the Supreme Pastor against the passions of humanity.

He, Pius X, would wait in hope and patience to have the world acknowledge its error and "restore again in Christ" what had been unjustly taken by royal hands or revolutionary mob, and thus give back to Christ as King His true place on the thrones of kings as well as in the hearts of the people.

Not for him to admit that Rulers and States could have one standing as individuals, readily submitting to the sweet yoke of Christian government and law, and another standard in their public or social life at variance with the same Christian doctrine and law.

Not for him, in one word, to sacrifice whatever belonged to the Church of God by divine decree, legitimate gift or legal international right; to yield would be a weakness, to compromise a principle would be a crime.

Thus, after the great Pope Leo, during long years, had been instructing the Rulers of Nations and the people in their respective, mutual social rights and duties, based on Christian doctrine and ethics, the waves from atheistic and socialistic head waters burst over the nations just as Pope X, was enthroned as Supreme Pontiff of Rome. His own beloved Italy, France, the eldest daughter of the Church, Spain, the champion of Christian missions and defender of Papal rights, Portugal, whose flag always floated by the side of the Cross in advancing European discovery, each in turn was under the open and hidden powers that would dethrone Christ in the school, home and other social institutions, thus hoping to undermine the Church or sap its very life blood.

Each nation found in humble peasant Bishop and Holy Father a tower of strength, like Gibraltor, that guards the two oceans and two continents from every invading foe. Again this is not the right time or place to develop or study closely these contests, but they all brought forth the same unsuspected power in the prisoner of the Vatican.

However strong and uncompromising in sustaining what he received and held as the divine rights of the Papacy, the underlying motive of his spirit and deeds, within the Church and without, was permanent peace; peace as a source of "glory to God in the highest and on earth to men of good will," when that peace was founded on truth, patience, forbearance and mutual concessions. "Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God" is an eternal truth, a magnificent ideal that the world has not yet understood; but Pope Pius X, notwithstanding his many struggles, will receive and merit the title of Pope of Peace.

The last year of his life will justly be called his supreme effort to make the world love, know and seek out the true sources of peace whether among men or nations.

Like the Prophet of old, he saw the gathering clouds on every side, and when he proclaimed the year 1913 as a Jubilee to commemorate the great Peace decree of the Roman Emperor Constantine after the Empire had fought the Church for three hundred years, it was not only to recall that great act of justice, but also to accentuate the rights of peace and the untold slavery of war.

He looked back to the ages when the Holy Father was the peacemaker of Europe as the divine mission of the highest living representative of Christ, the Prince of Peace.

He knew well the Epoch when the voice of the Holy Father could reverently call upon nearly all the warring Emperors, Kings and peoples of Europe to lay down their arms, go on their knees before their crucifix, and not unshield the sword again until the war were judged just and righteous or at least until every other means to guard and restore peace had been exhausted.

Indeed, more than once the Holy Father not only exhorted, he commanded, and his voice was heeded. Now that age has vanished, it is true, probably never to be entirely revived, yet Pope Pius would even now dare to appeal and exhort where he could not command.

Thus, when the whole story of the A B C mediators between Mexico and the United States is told, it will be seen how large a part was played by the White Shepherd of the Vatican directing the minds of Argentine, Brazil and Chili, and these Nations have already openly and officially thanked the Holy See. The United States of America listened, Mexico listened and paused. May both these Nations learn patience, mutual as well as self-respect, and some day in the future on the headlands of the Rio Grande River there will stand, like on the summit of the Andes, a statute of Christ the Peacemaker dominating and blessing both countries.

Pope Pius X made most heroic efforts to keep the peace in Europe, and he died almost a martyr, one may say, in the role of peacemaker.

No one who has been in Europe during recent years and got close to the events casting their shadows ahead, could for a moment doubt that a terrible calamity was to be feared. The giant nations were arming for the fray, were developing all the arts of war in man and in machinery, and were almost daily parading back and forth, each with its Goliath challenging the haughty foe. I spent the years 1879 to 1883 in France and Germany, and saw the ravages of the other war, animosity and revenge on one side, the pride and glory of conquest on the other, all spurring on two great peoples for a greater contest. I crossed Belgium and France, and near Germany, four years ago and again last January, and the rumbling of the war thunders was louder and nearer, waiting, as it were, for some last hot wave to make the lightning flash forth.

All the experienced heads knew this, and among them all the Holy Father was always best informed of the true, international conditions.

Hence his fervent prayers to the Almighty, like Aaron of old and Christ alone on the mountain, hence his loving appeals to all the rulers to place themselves in spirit before the throne of the Most High and listen to the voice of Jesus, the Prince of Peace, "pax vobis," "peace unto you, my peace I give you," "peace unto all men of good will."

It was all in vain. The Holy Father found himself helpless and powerless, as far as any worldly eye can see, and when the Ambassador of Austria was leaving for Rome not long ago, it is said he asked the Holy Father to bless the arms of Austria and Germany. The Holy Father replied, "I bless peace." America had listened, Enrope now refused. The rest of the story is well known. His heart broken by the war trumpets, clashing of swords and the noise of the great guns that he saw or heard in spirit on all the mountains and in all the valleys of Europe. He went on to the mountain of prayer and, like our Lord looking over Jerusalem, the city of God weeping, foreseeing and foretelling its doom, Pius X went over Europe and foresaw some terrible catastrophe, "because it had not known the day of its visitation, the things that were for its peace."

He went into his chapel, and on his knees no doubt poured forth that memorable prayer of Gethsemane, "my soul is sorrowful unto death." He died happily before the horizon were made red from the fires of the battlefield and the reflection of human blood in the valleys of beautiful Belgium, France and Germany.

One more and last word. Perhaps to some the best of all in this great Pontiff's life were his personal traits and truly holy soul, and they would indeed merit a long and beautiful exposition.

They are all easily summed up however in one word, for he was the embodiment and reflection of that most beautiful autobiography of Christ Jesus "learn of me, for I am meek and humble of heart."

His face, strong, sturdy, peasant like, was yet most amiable, candid, winning, pastoral in the supreme degree, his voice soft and musical in speech and song and laughter.

His humility, the same in the boy at Riese and under the tiara crowned head in Saint Peter's vast auditorium.

His poverty, where plenty was at his command, is well expressed by what is said to be a phrase of his last will, "I was born poor, I lived poor, I wish to die poor," and his few family bequests are subject to the approval of his successor. Poverty, as a queen, was his bride.

I may perhaps be permitted one personal allusion. How well I recall that face and that voice, that gentle manner, four years ago, as he granted to me the honor of walking with him around the chaste, if richly decorated, room of his working hours. I saw the marble bust of himself on a pedestal near the window and remarked how true a likeness it was; he turned and said, "Would your Lordship like to have is?" and I promptly answered, "most happy would I be." Then he said "it is yours," and he directed it to be sent at once. It is here today, his gift to me; my gift to the people and diocese of Portland.

How well I recall him as I saw him six months ago, in the same room, but oh, how different! White as the marble from the disease and pain of two years ago. Worn and wan, all that great vitality and energy of four years ago spent in silent, prayerful vigils and endless labors or sorrows; only awaiting, as he said, the day and the hour, unknown but near, for the Angel of death to take him by the hand.

He gave me a final blessing for priests and people. He was the Good Shepherd, who blesseth and giveth his life for his world-wide flock.

Pius X is dead. The loving and wonderful tribute of praise from the world are a monument to his apostolic fire, to his good heart, to his steadfast, firm, unflinching soul in doing good and denouncing evil. Christ against Satan.

His body now rests in the silent crypt of Saint Peter's Basilica, a spot chosen by himself. His life's work is over, he has won the crown.

Pius in name, Pius in spirit, words and deeds, may thy name and spirit pass over the warring nations today and draw their eyes to thee and to their and thy King in Heaven!

The Holy Father is dead. Long live the Holy Father!

BENEDICT XV. LETTER FROM THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE

WASHINGTON, D. C., September 3, 1914.

Your Lordship:

A few days ago I had the painful duty of conveying to you a message of sadness and grief; today I have the pleasure of communicating to you tidings of joy and consolation. I have been informed by an official cablegram, that the Sacred College of Cardinals has elected a Successor to our lamented and beloved Pius X in the person of His Eminence James Cardinal Della Chiesa, who has assumed the name of Benedict XV.

We have indeed every reason for being thankful to God because, in spite of the terrible situation into which the world has been thrown by the present war, it has pleased His Divine Goodness to give a Pontiff so soon to His Church. And we are especially thankful to Him because the person who has been elected is one, who, as his past career shows, is pre-eminently fitted for this most august and responsible office. Born of noble parents in Pegli, Genoa, in 1854, he completed his ecclesiastical studies in Rome with great success. His fitness for diplomatic

affairs was highly appreciated by Leo XIII, who first sent him to Spain as Secretary to the Apostolic Nunciature and afterwards called him to Rome, where, in 1901 he became Substitute to the Secretary of State, who was then Cardinal Rampolla. Pius X promoted him to the Archbishopric of Bologna, where he excelled for his active zeal coupled with unusual prudence and enlightment. Finally his high merits were crowned in the Consistory of May 25th of this year by his elevation to the Cardinalate. We have, therefore, in Benedict XV a Pope who has distinguished himself both for his ability in dealing with public affairs and his zeal in the pastoral ministry.

While we give vent to our joyous gratitude to Almighty God, let us renew to the new Pope those sentiments of love and reverence that we proudly entertained for his Predecessor, Pius X, and by unswerving loyalty and fidelity let us recognize in Him the Vicar of Christ, the Successor of St. Peter, the Supreme Pastor of the Church.

But at the same time we should not forget to pray for the success of the high mission entrusted to his care. Let us, therefore, unite our prayers that his reign may be a most glorious one; that al the faithful and all ranks of society may feel the beneficial influence of his government, and that, through God's grace, he may be the harbinger of that peace which is earnestly desired by all and which was so much at heart to his saintly Predecessor.

With sentiments of highest esteem, and good wishes, I beg to remain,

Sincerely yours in Christ,

JOHN BONZANO, Archbishop of Melitene,

Apostolic Delegate.

October Devotions

THE BISHOP'S HOUSE,

PORTLAND, MAINE, Sept. 22, 1914.

Rev. Dear Father:

The usual October Devotions in honor of the Holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary are to be maintained in the Churches of the Diocese, namely, the Recitation of the Rosary, Litany, and prayer to St. Joseph, every day during the month of October at the morning Mass, or in the evening with Exposition and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The Rosary is also to be recited on all Sundays throughout the year. Permission for the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is granted.

Yours sincerely in Christ,

✠ LOUIS S. WALSH,

Bishop of Portland.

A Mexican Shrine of Mary

Not far from the proud Puebla de los Angeles lies the quaint old city of Coahuila which, travellers tell us, is famous for its ancient pyramid and old miraculous shrines. It seems but few pilgrimages are made there save by the Indians, and the "holy hills" are not well known even to the Mexicans themselves.

Near the outskirts of Coahuila rises a playground about 204 feet in altitude and measuring 1,060 feet at the base. Its summit is a platform about 165 feet square. The sides are overgrown with grass, shrubs, and even trees, and to this day terraces may be distinctly traced. A widening road leads up to the top of the pyramid, and there, nestling on a stone-browed hill, made by loving hands, stands the quaint little shrine of Nuestra Senora de los Remedios. An odd combination, for the little structure is made up of irregular stones, piled one upon the other, irrespective of symmetry and charmingly picturesque. It seems as though this wee bit of a chapel had been made just to hold the miraculous statue and nothing more, yet vast numbers crowd over the threshold, for Indian life can compress itself into almost infinitesimal space. There the poor, the sick, the infirm kneel with outstretched arms, imploring aid from the Health of the Sick, and rending the air with their incessant cries for help.

An eye-witness tells us: "I, too' mingled with those children of faith at the foot of the dear Mother's shrine, I could not help feeling that her loving hands would give me back my strength."

"Countless were the tapers flickering about and around the miraculous statute of Nuestra Senora de los Remedios, which, like all Mexican statutes, was heavily draped and bedecked with jewels. A stiff, gold-colored brocade ornamented this statute, and the jewels, poor but showy, gave it a gala appearance. The numerous ex-voto offerings which filled every nook and cranny of the little chapel, testified to the wondrous gratitude felt by Coahuila's sons and daughters to the Mother of God.

After availing myself of all a pilgrim's privileges—lighting tapers before the altar, leaving my little offerings for God's poor and saying my prayers, I threaded my way out of the maze of natives that crowded every inch of space in and around the little chapel.

Down the uneven and rough-hewn steps we descended, making but little progress, for we were frequently stopped by a group of women selling pictures of the miraculous statute.

Further on a knot of half-clad boys, displaying pretty colored shells and stones which they solemnly declared were miraculous, gave us no peace until we threw them a few centavos for the articles which they thrust upon us.

From the platform of the curious old pyramid our eyes feasted upon a most wonderfully beautiful view. It was now late in the afternoon. The sun was slowly sinking and bathing with its gorgeous light, Mt. Popocatapetl from its wooded base to its snow-capped summit, while darkly in the opposite direction, rose ominously stern, the huge mass of Malinche, Pueblo's historic and far-famed mountain. Such is the scene that has remained indelibly engraved upon my mind.

Coming down the steep descent, we again found ourselves in the quaint little town which now numbers barely a few thousand inhabitants, the majority of whom are Indians. Could it be possible, I asked myself, as I mentally turned over the pages of history, that, in the days of Cortez, Coahuila contained 20,000 houses and 400 temples? It certainly required a wide stretch of imagination to believe the fact of the miniature town that lay spread out before me at the foot of the pyramid.

Dotted here and there over the fair plain may be seen tiny mounds of earth and stone which we learned were "artificial hills." These are surmounted by rude little chapels and contain statutes of our Lady, St. Joseph, and the Guardian Angels, all most lovingly cared for by the passers-by who vie with one another in decorating these wayside shrines with sweet wild-wood flowers. "Stepping stones of the soul," these little mound-shrines have been prettily called. But dearest of all to the Mexican and the Indian of Coahuila is the statute of Our Lady of Remedies.

Dead to the World.

"Mihi mundus crucifixus est, et ego mundo."

"Oh," they say pityingly, "how sad it seems,
To leave the world, and they so fair and young,
With Life's most joyous, brightest paths untrod,
Its sweetest songs unlearned, unsung;
To put Love's cup untasted, from the lips,
To veil from sight the youthful face,
Swathed in white bands, and with dark, gloomy garb
Envelop their sweet innocence and grace!

"Dead to the world!" Its dazzling heights of fame
O love and triumph all untrod—
"Dead to the world," forgotten even in name,
Gone to be lost forevermore in God!"
O blessed heritage, to give in youth
A young heart free, untarnished!
Only blest of all earth's countless throng,
Are these, to whom the world indeed is dead!

Mary.

Shall I whisper a name that was lovely of old,
When the tale of the Infant Redeemer was told;
The honored of God in her sorrows sublime,
Still haunting the heart in the shadows of time?

O'er the starlight of Judah the night mists were rolled,
On the Gallilee's bosom the shadows lay cold;
When it woke on the midnight so solemn and dim,
With the flame of a star and the sound of a hymn.

And still at the altar and still at the hearth,
From the cradle of Christ Mary blesses the earth,
So gentle in glory, consoling in gloom,
Sweet echo of heaven from cradle to tomb.

Ah, many shall bless it, as many have blessed
From the morning of life to morrow of rest;
The holiest meaning its music shall keep,
While a Mary shall watch or a Mary shall weep.

O. L. V.

The Three R's and Another R

To many people, education means a process of teaching and training, carried on in school buildings, where teachers are the only educators, and books the only implements of education. Of course a little reflection shows that educational forces are multitudinous, and the school, albeit, a potent one, is after all only one. With the school, the home is one of the chief forces of education.

With many parents, the lack of a clear and explicit conception of the educational power and purpose of the home minimizes or perverts that educational power. Like the man in the comedy who had been speaking prose without knowing it, so many parents are educators without knowing it—educators, often times, for ill as well as good.

By natural and divine right parents are, or ought to be, the first and most potent educators of their children. As it is the duty of parents to give, protect and nourish the physical life of the child—and the abandoning of the child is an abhorrent crime, so too, it is the duty of parents to give, protect and nourish the mental, moral and religious life of the child, and the neglect of this duty is, if anything, a greater crime.

Consider the power, as educators, that parents have over their children. By the early and long continued intimacy of the home life; by the natural dependence of the child on the parent, and the love devotion and ministration of the parent toward the child, by the parental authority on the one side, and the corresponding submission on the other; by the ready and unquestioned acceptance by the child, at least in early life, of what it learns from the parent, as if coming from an omniscient and infallible being; and finally by the power of example of the parents, whom the child by its imitative nature is ever tending, consciously or unconsciously, to copy and reproduce.

Of course it is not necessary that parents take a university course in theoretical psychology, nor is it expedient that the home be turned into a laboratory of experimental psychology—the home should remain a home;—but a more intelligent understanding of the opening and growing nature of the child, and above all, a more conscientious fidelity on the part of parents in the training of their children right, and eliminating from that training all evil influence is gravely incumbent upon them.

Apart from parental influence, the education of the child begins with its life. Before its reason opens it is already receiving impressions to which may be traceable effects in after life.

Early impressions are vivid and often times enduring and far reaching; and the character of the man to his last days—and beyond—bears the stamp placed upon it in its earliest life in the home.

Who has not seen a spoiled child in the process of making? Its selfishness instead of being corrected is being nourished and intensified? The child is demanding something which the mother does not wish to grant, and which the mother knows that here and now the child should not have. The child emphasizes its wish by crying. The crying is not pleasant music. Instead of a careful and conscientious treatment of the case, the mother follows the line of least resistance; she grants the request that the child may stop crying. Its against her better knowledge and against her conscience, but it is for her readier comfort and ease. She bribes the child to desist. She capitulates. The child has conquered the mother. The authority of the home is inverted. Without explicitly reasoning it uot, the child knows that by crying he has conquered the mother. When he wants something again which the mother refuses, he knows how he can obtain it. He knows that he has conquered the mother before by crying; he knows that he can do so again, and employs the same weapon. The mother again yields; the child again conquers. The weakness and infidelity of the mother grows with each surrender, and with it grows the selfishness of the child. What wonder then if later on he disregards the wishes of the mother, and disobeys her commands? The child has been trained to this by the mother, and the early training persists. Later, the mother tries to correct the spoiled article by anger and violence and thus, by example, puts the elements of anger and violence into the character of the child.

Example more than all else influences the child for weal or woe. The child does not so much what it is *told,* as what it is *shown.* It is not so much what the parent *says,* as what the parent *does* that influences the child. And some parents, perhaps not deliberately and by design, but none the less effectively, are, by example, forming their children to evil. The senses of the child are like working shuttles; what it sees and hears are like the threads entering the shuttles to form the warp and woof of its character; and the example of the home life is the pattern woven into the character of th child.

Let us take for instance the vice of lying and deceit. The parents wish to protect the child against this vice. They warn the child and correct any tendency toward it. But a neighbor visits the home who is received with welcome and treated with cordiality, who after his or her departure is treated to criticism and backbiting. Or the accomplishments of Willie and Susie (which Willie and Susie never accomplished) are related in their presence to the visiting neighbor. Is it any wonder that

the children in that home early practice deceit, dishonesty and untruthfulness?

And so it is by the example of any other vice. Where do some children so early learn profanity? It is not an innate faculty, nor is there a natural tendency in children to express themselves profanely. It is something they acquire by example. And alas! oftentimes they learn it from the lips of their own parents and become practiced in the use of it before the young minds comprehend the horror of what they are uttering.

There are few fathers so depraved and monstrous that would wish to see their sons become drunkards; yet, who by their example of drunkenness in the home, are doing more to make their sons drunkards than if they deliberately and studiously counseled their sons to practice this vice.

And so for other vices, greater or less; by the contagion of example they are transmitted from parents to children, a fact that should make some parents tremble.

Happily too, the virtues of a good home are by example woven into the character of the children. Other influences, indeed, may nullify the work later on, but the pattern of virtue is being woven into the character of the child by the example set before it by the parents; and this fact should be a stimulus and a consolation to the God-fearing parents.

The patterns of all homes which parents as educators should study is the one given by Almighty God, namely the Holy Home of Nazareth.

Value of Christian Education

The ringing of September school bells bring before us the two great fields on which the youth of the American Republic will for nine months or more, struggle with the various difficulties to be encountered in the attainment of a liberal education so essential for success at the present day, if one wishes to obtain at the close of school days, a position which will afford what is now considered a desirable means of earning a livelihood. There was a time when people were satisfied with giving their children an ordinary common school education such as might have been obtained in the old style district school where a fair knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic was attained, but that time has long since given way to the graded schools followed by a seminary or college finish.

Parents who formerly would have considered themselves unequal to the burden of giving their children high school and college educations, are to day bending all their energies to keep their sons and daughters at this or that noted institution of learning. To meet the tuition, board, clothing, and many other incidental expenses, good fathers and mothers are practicing all kinds of self-denials, bestowing on their offspring thereby far better chances than they themselves enjoyed not so many years ago.

The educational field no matter where placed has a great deal in common. Studies, dangers, and temptations are pretty much the same the world over, but the means of combatting the common enemy is where one finds a vast diversity. We have this fact brought before us in a most striking manner in the public and parochial schools where practically the same education is given under different principles and auspices.

In our public schools, in our so called non-sectarian seminaries and colleges the character of our youth is being built up along natural lines founded largely if not entirely on mere human motives.

In our parochial schools, affiliated seminaries and colleges, natural and human motives are always subordinated to the supernatural in as much as God holds the chief place in the liberal education of the child.

The fact that every good or practical Catholic accords to the Creator His rightful place in the life of man makes it easy for secular and religious education to travel as constant companions not only during school days but ever afterwards during life's toilsome journey.

With our non-Catholics where every man, woman and child is his own guide as to what he will or will not accept in his obligations towards his Creator, religious education is an utter impossibility especially as the child soon finds that his teachers or professors have no settled ideas about God and man's duties towards Him, if they have not altogether driven the idea of a creator out of their very existence. With God eliminated, supernatural motives cease to have any value, and man's moral education is reduced to a few principles of honor and nothing more.

The results of this system are coming more and more in evidence year by year. We find our professional men, our lawyers, our doctors, our captains of commerce, the ones who should give tone to a healthy American manhood, without religion or if they have any, it is of that elastic sort that never enters deeply into their lives, or ever calls any responsive practices of what should be a reasonable service towards the Creator. We find ourselves well nigh appalled when we see how few there are of these so called well educated men who ever find time for Divine services and if they do, it is on the occasion of such as "Go to Church Sunday" or "St. John's Day Sunday" or any other title that may be thought of to try and bring them to bend the knee in adoration to their Creator. All this we might let pass on the ground that the education which they received was soulless, Godless or without purpose, but when we encounter many of our so-called Catholic professional men casting their lives along the same lines, we feel that it is time to call a halt, and ask our good Catholic people if they are going to approve and maintain the existence of such who are no credit to their religion, if they are not on the contrary a positive injury, and designedly so at times to the cause of Catholic truth. It is true that many such who are the product of so called non-sectarian institutions of learning in reality infidel or godless, may have entered with the best possible dispositions, but with all their early training, with all their good resolutions, on that great field where the God of battles had no place, and where man's greatest enemy his own self, is supreme, as in a torrent, they were soon borne away to the abyss of human freedom which knows no restrain or supernatural law.

In both our large and small cities there are many of this sort who sorely try the heart of every good Catholic pastor both because of their own neglect as well as because of the positive harm they at times seek to do the good old Church of their parents and their childhood.

Would the result have been the same had their school career been cast or moulded on the other field under Catholic auspices, where higher and loftier motives had been placed before them? True it is that many a life whose morn was bright with prom-

ise, where all possible precautions were taken, has turned out a bitter disappointment to many a sacrificing parent, to many a well wisher, but the chances are not so great, and the number of those graced with a Christian education, among the castaways is small compared with that which daily gives glory to God and good example to their fellow men.

From the child of a Godless school, it would seem unreasonable to expect, except by a miracle of Divine Providence, aught else than an unbeliever, while we should always look forward to a Christian career in the one whose young heart has been tenderly nourished with revealed truths, whose early manhood has witnessed the additional fortifying and strengthening of these self-same teachings of the supreme dominion of God over him, and the supernatural end for which he has been created.

In fact, with the definite teachings of the Catholic Church going hand in hand with the liberal education afforded by her schools, it is hard to imagine any reason for the straying away of her children, however well educated they may be, save through the perversion of the human heart from its God to creatures.

As the school bell sounds therefore come to the ears of Christian parents they should reflect seriously on the value of the education which they are giving their children. A Godless education may be profound in the sciences of earth and nature, but since it places no future purpose before the child, its effect must necesarily be depressing especially as it leaves him no object in life beyond the pleasures of earth.

The Christian education gives a real value to life. Without lessening one iota the value of his liberal educations in the sciences of earth, it of necessity gives an upward tendency to all his efforts, a supernatural aim to his very existence which always leads him to look upon things of earth as only passing, consequently not to place his sole reliance in them but to use them as so many means for the attainment of the sublime purpose for which he has been created.

Here is where a Christian education has a two fold value: here is where a great many well meaning Catholic parents deprive their offspring of the most priceless inheritance they could possibly give when they direct their early footsteps towards those paths which leads not beyond the narrow confines of earth thus depriving them in the most critical period of life of those supports so important for the maintenance and formation of the Christian character.

Religious Receptions

At St. Joseph's Convent.

On the feast of St. Rose, Sunday afternoon at five o'clock, the ceremony of a Religious Reception was held in the convent chapel, St. Joseph's, Portland, Me.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Walsh presided and delivered a beautiful homily on The Religious Vocation. The following young ladies received the white veil of noviceship:

Miss Mary Coughlin,	Lewiston, Me.
Sr. M. Gonzaga	
Miss Cecelia McCormack,	Lewiston, Me.
Sr. M. Edith	
Miss Effie Maxwell,	Bangor, Me.
Sr. M. Basil	
Miss Marie Driscoll,	Lewiston, Me.
Sr. M. Benedicta	
Miss Mary Larkin,	Portland, Me.
Sr. M. Teresita	
Miss Alma Nolette,	Sanford, Me.
Sr. M. Annette	
Miss Anna Walsh,	Auburndale, Mass.
Sr. M. Matthew	
Miss Nellie Mahaney,	Bangor, Me.
Sr. M. Matthias	

The following morning, Monday, August, the thirty-first, feast of St. Raymond, the Rt. Rev. Bishop celebrated the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in the convent chapel and received the vows of a band of novices who were led to the altar and admitted to the Holy Profession of Sisters of Mercy.

In heartfelt, inspiring words our good Bishop bade these chosen souls go forth to the Harvest of the Lord, where

"The billowy fields show white across the plains,
Ever the call is louder; sweet it rings;
To softly garner souls where evil reigns
It takes the tender touch of angel wings."

The Sisters professed were:

Miss Emma Giguere,	Dexter, Me.
Sr. M. Anita	
Miss Delia Corbett,	Portland, Me.
Sr. M. Ildefonsa	

Miss Eva Proulx, Biddeford, Me.
Sr. M. Christopher
Miss Mary Fitzsimmons, Danvers, Mass.
Sr. M. Bernice
Miss Regina Cloutier, Sanford, Me.
Sr. M. Adele
Miss Eva Cloutier, Sanford, Me.
Sr. M. Adelina
Miss Irene McNeil, Bangor, Me.
Sr. M. Irene
Miss Alice Spruce, Milford, Me.
Sr. M. Helen
Miss Louise Jordan, Hartford, Conn.
Sr. Marie Teresa
Miss Rose Cloutier, Dexter, Me.
Sr. M. Assumpta

At the Unsuline Convent.

At the Unsuline convent, Mt. Merici, Waterville, on the morning of September 5th, a notable profession and reception took place in the convent chapel where seven young ladies pledged their final vows, and eleven others made their first step towards the Riligious state by taking the white veil. The Rev. N. Charland, pastor of St. Francis de Sales, Waterville, presided at the reception.

Novices who made their vows:

Miss A. Martin in religion, Sr. M. Liguori.
Miss J. Tremblay in religion, Sr. Stanislaus.
Miss R. Breton in religion, Sr. J. Berchmans.
Miss U. St. Onge in religion, Sr. M. of the Nativity.
Miss A. St. Onge in religion, Sr. M. of the Sacred Heart.
Miss F. Lessard in religion, Sr. Germaine.
Miss M. Boudreau in religion, Sr. Martha.

Novices who received the white veil:

Miss I. Dionne in religion, Sr. Teresa of the Infant Jesus.
Miss A. Dumont in religion, Sr. Imelda of the B. Sacrament.
Miss A. Cloutier in religion, Sr. M. Joan of Arc.
Miss A. Parent in religion, Sr. Margaret Mary.
Miss V. Bilodeau in religion, Sr. M. Bernadette.
Miss A. Bilodeau in religion, Sr. M. de Lourdes.
Miss E. Roy in religion, Sr. of the Sacred Heart of Mary.
Miss A. Massicotte in religion, Sr. John the Baptist.
Miss O. Tanguay in religion, Sr. M. of the Angel Guardian.
Miss E. Rate in religion, Sr. Maria Pia of the B. Sacrament.
Miss L. Oclair in religion, Sr. Francis Xavier.

A NOBLE LIFE.

Extracts from the Chronicles of the Ursulines, Mount Merici, Waterville, Me.

Reverend Mother Mary Josephine, nee Virginie Dion, was one of the many children of Calixte Dion and Angele Destroismaisons. She was born at St. Thomas (Montmagny), one of the pleasantest nooks of the Province of Quebec. It was here that she spent her early years attending school and offering her help so willingly in the household duties.

In later years Mr. Dion decided to move his family to Stanfold. Here his children continued their studies. Soon success crowned the conscientious work of Virginie, whose inclinations for teaching made her take up that arduous task which marked the three-quarters of a century of her noble career. While thus exercising her zeal, a call was made for generous souls to labor in the far-off regions of Lake Superior. Her enthusiasm was restrained only by her love for for her young brother, Augustus, then preparing for first communion. She had given him the education he already possessed, and she did not deem it advisable to leave him at this critical moment. She still cherished the hope of going to labor in that zone of evangelization when her brother had been safely sheltered. For the present she turned all her attention toward this young soul so dear to her, striving to instill into his heart a love of virtue which would guide him safely to the great day,—in her deep insight, a treasure of the hidden future. How her heart must have throbbed when for the first time Augustus celebrated the holy sacrifice of the Mass! This brother, the Reverend Father Dion, Provincial of the Fathers of the Holy Cross, a man eminent both for his learning and consummate virtue, survives.

Leaving her brother at college, Miss Dion sought to realize her ardent desire of devoting her life to the uplift of mankind. Two young ladies started with her for Ontenagon. The poverty which characterized this field did not alarm them; they took the white veil of the novices, and were happy to share the hardships of those who preceded them. The settlers were chiefly miners, who left this region after a year on account of exhausted mines. The pious little band was left in poverty. During better times, two or three potatoes sufficed for eight; meat had been tasted four times in a year,—what were they now to do? This intense poverty proved destructive to the little colony which was obliged to disband. Six entered the Ursuline Convent at Quebec where Mother M. Josephine had three sisters, while she, with Mother M. de la Providence, was directed to Three Rivers. They were received as sisters at the chant of the "Ecce quam bonum." There was yet a year of

novitiate to make. The novice practiced faithfully every rule, preparing herself for the great day of holy profession which dawned on September eighth, eighteen hundred sixty-nine. Nature was subdued and she now thirsted for immolation. When the question arose of sending the Ursulines to Waterville, Mother M. Josephine offered to come with Mother Mary of the Sacred Heart, who was ready to start if only one companion were given her. With their superior's permission, they started for the Pine Tree State, on the eighth of March, eighteen hundred eighty-eight. Mother Mary of the Sacred Heart and her two auxiliaries were not women to falter before the task of fostering souls to God.

On March the tenth, the second day after the Sisters' arrival in Waterville, these true daughters of Mother Mary of the Incarnation opened the doors of the Parochial School. From that day, Mother M. Josephine considered herself the voluntary slave of the many little people who flocked to the classrooms and into whose hearts she yearned to instill truth of Divine Doctrine, thus freeing them from the fetters of ignorance. She was ever solicitous of procuring their welfare at the cost of her own. For many years she was entrusted with the care of leading the first communicants to their Eucharistic Lord.

As a teacher she always sought the roughest boys whom no one could manage. It was by her sweet winning ways that she succeeded in striking a responsive chord in their soul from which she drew tones of submission, if not harmonous strains.

Charity, humility, obedience, and mortification illumined brightly the life of this venerable Mother. She stands in the clear horizon as a guiding star to those within her sphere. Always serene and gay, she was like a ray of sunshine, giving a touch of cheerfulness to everything about her.

Her love for prayer was exemplified in her daily life. She spent many hours wrapped in the presence of God, praying most fervently for all the causes she had espoused. For several years, she recited, on feasts of the Order and on Sundays, fifteen rosaries, and this she did on bended knees to obtain the return of sinners to the true fold.

As years passed, the qualities which adorned both her intellect and her soul became more radiant to the sisters in her community. She became Second-Assistant, later, Assistant, and the election of 1905 found her Superior of the Community.

It was on the last day of her administration that the "Orchard," now Mount Merici Academy, one of the most ideal spots in Maine, was purchased. The venerable Mother could now entone her "Nunc dimittis" for one of her cherished hopes was realized.

During the summer of 1913 her health gradually failed and it became apparent that this glorious life was nearing sunset.

To the last, she was faithful to the exercises of the community and to all her religious practices, until her bodily strength could no longer keep pace with the energy of her soul, soaring in the heights of perfection. On her death-bed God rewarded her for the sacrifices of her early life. Her venerable brother, whom she had zealously prepared for his sacred calling, hastened to the death-bed of the one whom he wished to strengthen for the journey to eternity. It was a touching scene to see these two silvered-heads of venerable age blend their sacrifice and look forward to reunion in higher regions. On August 4th, Death set its seal and claimed her with that irrevocable claim against which there is no appeal. She breathed her last on the Feast of Saint Dominic, to whom our heavenly Mother confided the treasures of the Rosary. May the Queen of her favorite prayer bestow on her bereaved Sisters the consolation of hope for heavenly reunion!

JESU, MI BONE, SENTIAM

O tender Jesus, let me feel
Thy love with ever growing zeal,
Aud by Thy presence bring to me
The power Thy glorious truths to see.

Upon my lonely couch at night
Thy love shall fill my heart with light;
In crowded throngs, or all alone,
I'll seek the glory of Thy throne.

As Mary sought Thee at the tomb,
So in the morn to Thee I'll come;
And worship with that warm desire
Which lights the soul with living fire.

Upon the ground my tears shall flow,
Thy wounds shall bow my head in woe,
While prostrate at Thy sacred feet,
I'll cling to Thee in love complete.

I'll follow where Thy steps have trod
And kiss with tears the sacred sod;
That in Thy love my soul shall live;
That grace and favor Thou may'st give.

St. Bernard.

Death of Pius X

The throne of the Fisherman is again vacant; its illustrious occupant Pius the Tenth of happy memory is no more, and the Catholic world is called to kneel before its merciful Redeemer in humble supplication that he may let perpetual light shine upon him.

Seldom has the world witnessed such a passing. Bowed down with the weight of years, his venerable head whitened with the snows of eighty winters, his heart broken with the multiplied sorrows of earth, the gentle soul of the pious Pontiff softly winged its way heavenwards at 1.20 on the morning of August 20th, whilst the greater part of the Christian world was in the midst of a titanic struggle, the cost and outcome of which must stagger humanity.

Pius the Tenth was essentially a man of peace; his last official utterance was a plea to the warring nations to cease their fratricidal combat, and harken to the voice of Christ's aged vicar constantly beseeching the loving Creator to restore to earth the blessing of peace.

Born of the Christian marriage between Giovanni Sarto and Margarita Sason, at Riese, June 2nd, 1835, Guiseppe Melchior Sarto from his earliest years gave evidence of his future saintly career. Of humble parentage his early life was of necessity a struggle in which he was favored with the assistance of his devoted parish priest Don Tito Fusaroni. The peasant boy however made rapid progress in his studies both at home and at college, passing from one course to another until his arrival at his ordination morn in 1853 at the early age of 23. His sacerdotal career took him through the various degrees of duty in the Church, from that of an obscure and unknown priest in the faithful performance of his work on the mission, to the exaulted position of chief pastor of the Christian world where his work of necessity placed him not only before a loving but also a critical world.

In the limelight of Christendom, the Holy Father's every act is subject to the close scrutiny of both friend and foe. The greatness of his office above all else on earth offers him no protection. Alone he stands as the vicar, the representative of Him who knew no other road save that of the Cross,—the lot of the disciple is truly no better than that of the Master. His efforts for the maintenance of our holy Faith in all its purity, his moves for the betterment of the human race, his constant attempts to bring a wicked and unsubmissive race in subjection to the laws

of its creator is a source of constant warfare on the part of the powers of earth and darkness against the only principality that has survived the crumbling of empires and the passing of ages since that memorable day when our Savior commissioned His Church to teach and govern in His name.

The office of the Papacy and its duties does not owe its origin to man, does not depend on the favor or will of man. It is God who had created it, Who has maintained it, Who has given it its sphere of action, and Who has imposed its awful burdens on human shoulders. But while asking man to bear these sublime responsibilities, our dear Lord has not been unmindful of the weakness of human nature or the frailty of his creature. He has solemnly promised to abide with His Church, and that the Spirit of truth shall be Hers until the end of time. His vicar on earth enjoys this guarantee in all its fulness, and not only that but he may hope to participate in those most abundant graces so generously bestowed that mortal man in the midst of human frailities may attain that sublime destiny for which Almighty God has created him.

The world knows this even though it will not always admit the fact. The last judgment of earth on man must be in accordance with the eternal ideals of his fitness. These ideals have been placed in the heart of man by his creator. Individuals may stifle but they are powerless to eradicate or destroy them. By these standards the world has already judged the life of Pius the Tenth, as a youth, as a Prince of the Church, as Chief of the Apostles and supreme Pastor of Christendom he has already been placed in the balance of human estimation and has not been found wanting.

The children of the Church have gone over his career to find naught therein save what was elevating and inspiring towards a better and more perfect life. They have studied the doctrinal and devotional works of his Pontificate. His attempt to have the world grasp in all its bearings, the evil tendances of the age, the depressing and degenerating effects of modernism, the aim of that system, so aptly characterized by the late Holy Father, to obliterate the supernatural and leave man a mere child of nature.

They are deeply grateful to him for bringing before them the one great remedy for all these evils begotten by Modernism, increased confidence and friendship with the Creator from one's earliest years through the instrumentality of the dying Savior's last great gift the Holy Eucharist.

The response on the part of millions of the children of the Church even from Childhood's tenderest years, to the Chief pastor's loving invitation to approach more frequently the Holy Table, to partake of the Divine mysteries, to be nourished and sustained by the bread of angels has been simply marvellous.

These two facts alone, i. e., the singling out and condemning the errors of Modernism, and the decree on early and frequent communion, have given to his pastorate of eleven years a value deeply appreciated by the faithful children of the Church but unmeasurable by human standards. There is hardly a leader in the Christian world, in truth hardly one however lowly he may have been in the ranks, but has felt the timeliness of these decrees and the great boon they have been to the faithful in life's great battle.

Christianity is therefore largely indebted on these two points to the life of work of Pius the Tenth to say nothing of his many other timely warnings issued as the occasion required from his prison cell in the eternal city.

Countless have therefore been the prayers offered up by a grateful Catholic people for the repose of the soul of their departed leader; many have been the beautiful enconiums pronounced by the Catholic press in every part of the world on the beautiful life just closed, a fact not confined alone to our religious journals but was even general throughout the entire secular press of our country. "Concerning the personal character of the late pope," as one of our leading papers aptly sums up his career, "there is but one opinion. He was first and foremost a saint. Genuine piety, burning faith, deep humility, such were the leading features of a singularly simple and unsophisticated nature."

"He was the pontiff of the Christian creed" says Archbishop Ireland, "For this all Christians, non Catholic as well as Catholic, are his debtors. To those who peered into the full meaning of his forcible condemnations of 'Modernism' it is plain that he was the undaunted champion of the Christian religion.

"Loveable, Pius X surely was. He was simplicity itself, equally at home with the humble toilers of the guarden of the Vatican as with princes of the stately palatial halls.

"Piety, the earnest love of God and of the things of God predominated in him. Self was nothing."

Such was the pure and gentle character of the man whose departure from this life, the Church calls on all her children to mourn, and at the same time offer up their prayers for the repose of his immortal soul.

His mortal remains today rest beneath the protecting wall of St. Peters on the banks of the Tiber,—and as the passing years cause his dust to be mingled with that of the countless martyrs and saints who have in ages past gone forth to victory within the walls of the eternal city, so may we fondly pray that his heroic spirit has ere this been united with theirs in the realms of everlasting bliss.

Election of Benedict XV

It is hardly posible for us to estimate that sense of responsibility felt by each of the Cardinal princes of the Church on retiring for the election of a new pontiff to take up the burdens of the departed Pius X. The last prescribed requiem had been sung, the mass of the Holy Ghost had been offered, the guidance of the Holy Spirit invoked, the Divine aid implored, when the electorate came forth from the death chamber to enter the Conclave palace for the selection of another chief pastor, for the forming of another link in that long chain of succession which carried us back from the present to the days of Peter.

It was the evening of August 31st, 1914, that the Cardinals retired to their apartments, where segregated from the busy world without, each was to consider before Almighty God the selection of a worthy successor in the Apostolic office. In the presence of the Creator, personal ambitions, likes and dislikes were to be laid aside, leaving perfect freedom under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit for the election of any member of the sacred college to the sublime office of chief of the Christian world most anxiously awaiting without the glad tidings of their selection.

While various opinions were advanced as to the length of the conclave and its probable choice, the uncertainties of the times, and the many interests at stake, led many to believe that there might be some little delay in the election of a successor to the lamented Pius X whose unexpected death had so shocked the world, that it had had hardly time to recover, while requiems were yet being offered from many a Catholic altar for the repose of his soul, the gladsome news was flashed throughout the Christian world announcing the happy selection of his successor, and that the new pope had chosen the name of Benedict XV. Of all the princes of the Church, the one who least expected ths supreme honor of the Papacy to be his, was the scholarly Cardinal Archbishop of Bologna, yet when the word went forth that a choice had been reached, and that the one on whom the great dignity had been conferred was the pious and learned Giacomo Della Chiesa, acclaimations of gratitude went up from the heart of Christendom for a nomination so auspiciously made.

A native of Pegli, Diocese of Genoa, Benedict XV was born on the great feast of the Presentation, November 21, 1854, the very year Pius IX of saintly memory proclaimed the dogma of the Immaculate Conception.

Of noble birth, the youthful Della Chiesa enjoyed many advantages which were not the portion of the youth of Pius X. Ordained priest December 21, 1878, the same year that Pius IX died, following a brilliant course in the Capranican College at the Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics, from the earliest years of his priesthood, his fidelity to its high ideals, and his devotedness to duty, soon attracted the attention of his superiors to such an extent that well merited honors were soon conferred upon the zealous young priest who was in turn appointed a private chamberlain to His Holiness Leo XIII in 1883, and a few years later in 1900 a domestic prelate. Five years after his ordination he accompanied the late Cardinal Rompolla on an important mission to Madrid. When Leo XIII selected the great Rampolla as his Cardinal Secretary of State, this illustrious churchman was not slow in bringing to his assistance the young man whom he had learned to know while at the court of Spain. He remained in the service of Cardinal Rampolla until the death of Pope Leo in 1903, when he followed his chief into the retirement of St. Martha's where he remained until nominated Archbishop of Bologna by Pius X, December 16, 1907. A child of Pius X by his episcopal consecration at the hand of the supreme Pontiff, he became doubly so when on the 25th of last May, the selfsame Father of the Christian world, bearing in mind the services of his illustrious son in the See of Bologna, named him as one of the princes of the Church, little thinking per chance that the awful burdens he was soon to lay down in death, would be taken up by the illustrious Cardinal Archbishop of Bologna.

Lisbon Annals

Reminiscences of the Catholic History of Lisbon, Me., From the Beginning in 1874.

Lisbon is a town made up of three different villages known as Lisbon Falls, Lisbon Factory and Lisbon Center. The Catholic population is about fifteen hundred souls; eight hundred belong to the Church of Lisbon Falls and represent many nationalities. There are Irish, French, Germans, Poles, Slavs and even some Orthodox Greeks; all work at the paper mill, at the wool mill or at the saw mill. Seven hundred people attend the Church at Lisbon Factory and find employment at the cotton mill or at the saw mill which is owned by the Farewell Co., and was built in 1874, many parts having been added since. At the Center there is a wool mill owned by the Farnsworth Co. The first Catholic to settle here was Mr. Paul Charbonneau who came to Lisbon with his wife and child and helped to set the machineries in the present mill where he is still employed. Other French families came and left. Mr. Dominique Gamache however lived here till he died; he and his wife were buried in our graveyard, the land of which was given to the congregation by the late Mr. Farewell. One of Mr. Gamache's daughters and many grandchildren are still in Lisbon. The two Tétreault brothers erected a building of four rents and a baker shop, for the accommodation of the French Catholic families. In his monthly visit to the parish, Rev. Fr. Hevey, from Lewiston, always stopped with Mr. Alphonse Tétreault. We had mass, sometimes in the old hall, sometimes over the office of the mill, and the priest had to go to the house whenever there was a new-born baby to be baptized. Sometimes it was impossible to have our meeting on the appointed Sunday because the rooms were engaged and it always was a sad Sunday for the disappointed families. The family of Franz Stebenne, who was living on a farm in the country scince 1870, joined the Church; he died August the 30th, 1892, leaving a son Georges, who lives at the old homestead and two daughters, Mrs. Louisa Coughlin and Mrs. Anna Harris, who live at Lisbon Falls. In 1874, Denis E. Hudon bought a farm next the Stebenne farm, where he lived till his death January the 26th, 1913. He left six children; four of them are still living in Lisbon: Fred on a farm; Lewis keeps a hardware store and grocery on Main street—he owns besides two other buildings in the village and the old homestead; Mrs. Louis Desjardins whose husband owns the

brickyard on the Lisbon Falls road, a fine residence in Lisbon Falls and a farm near the same locality; Alice, the youngest of the family lives with her mother in the Hudon block, formerly the Tétreault building remodelled; a brother Felix Hudon, is still living at Lisbon Falls with his niece Mrs. Desjardins. In 1876, Mr. and Mrs. Boisvert came from Brunswick and bought a house on School street, of which he is still the owner; later they bought the Coöperative Hotel from the Farewell Co., and kept boarders until the death of Mrs. Boisvert in 1907; then her husband sold the place back to the company and took up his residence in his house on Maine street, where he lives now. In the spring of 1876 an Irish family, that of Dennis Donovan, came from the Falls to live on the farm owned by the Worumbo Co.; in 1888, Mr. Donovan returned to Lisbon Falls, where he died, leaving no children in Lisbon. Mr. Raphael Roy and his family also came in the summer of 1876; after working for a time at the cotton mill, they bought a farm in Webster where Mr. Roy now lives with his son Freddy. One of the old families is that of Mrs. Boutet. She and her younger daughter are now dead; but a son, Charles and two daughters, Mrs. Frégeau and Mrs. Phidime Gamache are now living at the Center. Of the five Gagné brothers who came here together, only two remained in Lisbon, Evariste and Léonce who is just now building a fine residence for his family. A few years later two French families of the same name, though not related to each other, the Therrien came to Lisbon where the old parents died. Mrs. X. Hamel, Mrs. Jos. Mathurin and Mrs. Arcouette are daughters of the late Joseph Therrien. Mr. Luc Therrien left two daughters, Mrs. Amanda Thisdel and Miss Caroline, and one son Joseph who lives with his sisters.

As the congregation was evry day increasing in numbers, the Catholics longed to have a resident pastor but it was not to be for many years. When Fr. Hevey went to Rome, we had the services of the priests of the St. Joseph's parish from Lewiston. Then the Dominican Fathers took charge for a few months until Bishop Healy gave the direction of the congregation to Rev. Fr. Noiseux, of Brunswick; he came every month and always stopped with his old schoolmate Mr. Benoit; in 1880, he was succeeded by Rev. Fr. Gorman. We had regular services every month, Professor Dagneau being the organist. Some of the Catholic women of the congregation, such as Miss Catherine Saindon, sacrificed some of their time to teach the young children the elements of their religion and even of their own language. Later Mr. Farewell allowed one hundred dollars a year for the support of a Catholic school.

In 1885, Bishop Healy sent Rev. Fr. McGill to take charge of the parish. The first mass was said on St. Ann's day, July the 26th, 1885, in the house of Mr. Mongeon, where Fr. McGill

lived until the Fairbank's property was bought; the residence was transformed into the rectory and the barn into a Church. The Church was ready for divine service on the fourth of April, 1886, and dedicated in October by Bishop Healy who also administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to a large number, many being married people, whose children were confirmed with them. Two Irish families joined the congregation later, Mrs. McMullen and her two sons, and Mr. A. Longley who still lives here in a fine residence near the M. C. R. R. station; two of Mr. Longley's daughters teach in the public school and are held in high esteen by both Catholics and non-Catholics. At the request of Fr. McGill, Mrs. Dennis Rudon undertook to teach about thirty children at her home through the winter, and was very successful, but as her occupations did not permit her to keep on teaching, a French lady from Lewiston was hired in 1887, who taught for a year, and among those who succeeded her, must be mentioned Miss Adelaide Cloutier, of Minot, Me., who married Léonce Gagné and now lives in Lisbon; Anna Hudon; Marguerite Lafontaine who after her marriage to Alphonse Coté went to live in Auburn, Me.; her sister Lucy who married Mr. Fred Ledoux and still resides in Lisbon. After the death of Mr. Farewell, the allowance for the support of the school was withdrawn and we had irregular teaching.

The same pastor, Fr. McGill remained with us until Fr. Bradley took his place in 1897. He had to go every month to Yarmouth, Sabattus and Lisbon Falls; but just before Fr. Bradley came the mission of Sabattus was passed to the Dominican Fathers of Lewiston and a resident priest sent to Yarmouth. So Fr. Bradley spared no effort to make the Church of Lisbon a success. In 1900 a new church was erected at Lisbon Falls to take the place of the old one and in 1901 one also was built at Lisbon, both being paid for in a very short time. Fr. Bradley was as good a pastor as can be found and we forgot that he was not of our nationality. He was not with us very long for the Lord called him to his reward, August the 29th, 1911. Fr. Nelligan was sent to take his place and is now with us, sparing no time and no fatigue to save enough money to erect a schoolhouse, so that we can have Sisters to teach our children their duties to Church and Country.

Mrs. D. E. Hudon.

The Catholic Church in Maine

PENTAGOET.

"Far eastward o'er the lovely bay,
Penobscot's clustered wigwams lay;
and gently from that Indian town
The verdant hill-side slopes adown
To where the sparkling waters play
Upon the yellow sands below.
And shooting around the winding shores
Of narrow capes, and isles which lie
Slumbering to ocean's lullaby,—
With birchen boat and glancing oars,
The red men to their fishing go;
While from their planting ground is borne
The treasure of the golden corn,
By laughing girls, whose dark eyes glow
Wild through the locks which o'er them flow.
The wrinkled squaw, whose toil is done,
Sits on her bear-skin in the sun
Watching the huskers, with a smile
For each full ear which swells the pile;
And the old chief, who nevermore
May bend the bow or pull the oar,
Smokes gravely in his wigwam door,
Or slowly shapes, with axe of stone,
The arrow-head from flint and bone."

It was in his early youth that the New England poet painted this beautiful word portrait of ancient Pentagoet. But while placing before us his poetic picture of the "clustered wigwams" and the daily life of the "red men," "the laughing girls," "the wrinkled squaw," the old chief, etc. Whittier was of course unable to give us anything of their past career or to speak of the many summer seasons that had come and gone since the dusky forest children first reared their humble habitations on the charming shores of Penobscot Bay.

It would indeed require the fancy of the poet to take us back through those long years when their sojourn must have been undisturbed by the stranger's sail, or their slumbers broken by the white man's footsteps.

A history they certainly had: traditions in abundance may have been handed from sire to son, but we unfortunately have no records extant to tell us of the coming of a race now well

nigh passed and gone. Not only that, but we have in truth little to speak to us of the first of our generation privileged to feast his eyes on the beauties of this lovely bay. Penobscot Bay is beautiful today, but it was more so then. We have only to restore its wooded shores, the deep murmuring pines, the dense evergreen spruce, the forest primeval vast beyond the human vision, with here and there on a few of the many attractive headlands the "clustered wigwams" to have before us Penobscot Bay as it was that morn when the first European coming as it were from out the night of ages dared to land upon her shores and mingle with her people.

Who this privileged being was, is a question more easily asked than answered. Was he of Celtic or Nothman origin; did he wander from southern climes, driven by storms across the uncharted ocean; and did his coming antedate by many years the advent of the Florentine Verranzano or the Franciscan father, André Thevet? It seems hardly probable that the adventurous Northmen, Naddod, Biarne, Leif and his brother Thorwald, Thorhall, and Thorfinn could have sailed as is commonly supposed along our New England without entering frequently perchance Penobscot Bay. Here may have been a part of the famed vineland to which in 1121 the Catholic Bishop Erik came on a pastoral visit. Year after year however passes by, and no sound or voice comes to us from out these misty solitudes to tell us of the fate of Vineland and its teeming population. In 1497, five years after the landing of Columbus on San Salvadore, the Catholic Cabots, John and his sons, Louis and Sebastian, in their search for the northwest passage doubtless entered Penobscot Bay, but their records have unfortunately been lost. Sebastian Cabot spent the following summer from Newfoundland to Cape Hatteras vainly seeking a passage to India. In 1500 the Portuguese Gaspar Cortereal is supposed to have visited our coast. About 25 years later our bays and harbors were explored by the Florentine Giovani da Verrazano. Cortereal and Verrazano were both kindly received by the Indians who fraternized with them, boarding their vessels where many of them were unfortunately detained and brought to Europe. It was in the summer of 1557 that André Thivet is believed to have visited the coast of Maine.

In vol. vii, p. 243, Mass. Hist. Coll., we find an extract from one of Thivet's many works which in its descriptions admirably portrays Penobscot Bay. Writing an account of his trip to South America and thence along the North American shores on his return to France under the title "The Singularities of Antarctic France, otherwise called America," the Franciscan traveller says "Here we entered a river which is one of the finest in the whole world. We call it Norumbega. It is marked on some charts as the grand river. The Natives call it Agoncy.

Several beautiful rivers flow into it. Upon its banks the French formerly erected a small fort, about ten leagues from its mouth. It was called the Fort of Norumbega, and was surrounded by fresh water.

"Before you enter this river, there appears an island surrounded by eight small inlets. These are near the country of the Green Mountains. About three leagues into the river there is an island four leagues in circumference, which the natives call Aiayascon. It would be easy to plant on this island, and to build a fortress which would hold in check the whole surrounding country. Upon landing we saw a great multitude of people coming down on us in such numbers that you might have supposed them to be a flight of starlings. The men came first, then the women, then the boys, then the girls. They were all clothed in the skins of wild animals. Considering their aspect, and mode of advancing, we mistrusted them and retired on board our vessel. They, perceiving our fear, made signs of friendship. The better to assure us, they sent to our vessel several of their principal men, with presents of provisions. We returned a few trinkets of little value, with which they were highly pleased. The next morning I with some others was commissioned to meet them, to see if we could obtain more provisions, of which we stood in great need. As we entered the house of the chief who was called Peramick, we saw several slaughtered animals hanging on the beams.

"The chief gave us a hearty welcome. To show his affection he ordered a fire to be built, on which meat and fish was placed to be roasted. Upon this some warriors came in, bringing to the chief the dissevered heads of six men whom they had taken in battle. The sight terrified us. Fearing that we might suffer in the same way, we towards evening secretly retired to our ship, without bidding our host goodby.

"This greatly displeased him. In the morning he came to the ship with three of his children. His countenance was very sad, for he thought he had offended us. He said to me in his own language:—

"'Go back on land with me my friend and brother. Come and eat and drink such as we have. We assure you upon oath, by heaven, earth, moon, and stars, that you shall not fare worse than we do ourselves.'

"Seeing the good affection of this old man, twenty of us went again on land, all well armed. We went to his house where we were feasted, and presented with whatever he possessed. Meanwhile large numbers of his people arrived. They all greeted us in the most affectionate manner, declaring that they were our friends. Late in the evening when we wished to retire, they all entreated us to remain through the night. But we could not be persuaded to sleep with them. And so we

retired to our vessel. Having remained in this place five days, we weighted anchor, and, parting from them with a marvellous contentment on both sides, went out upon the open sea."

With the description before us we easily see the outlines of Penobscot Bay. In the old time Norumbega we have our present beautiful Penobscot. In Aiayascon, Scenic Islesboro of today, while near by to the westwards, the lofty Camden Mountains may easily have been Thevet's "Green Mountains" of nearly four hundred years ago.

The reader will observe that he also mentions a small fort erected by the French some time previous, a fact which tallied well with old Pentagoet traditions. For while no positive records have thus far appeared, we may reasonably suppose that our entire coast including the magnificent body of water which we call Penobscot Bay, and its many wooded islands were frequently visited by the adventurous Norman of Breton sailors many years prior to the coming of the first permanent settlers.

But as we read the writing of this early day in the history of our country, we regret to find that much discredit have been thrown on the works of André Thivet. By his contemporaries. he is accused of being unreliable, in fact, questionable as to his veracity,—some of his critics going so far as to claim that he never visited America, and that his accounts of travel were largely made up of extracts taken from other authors.

With the fact that many of those apparently desirous of destroying the reputation of our Franciscan father, were Calvinists, we may as Justin Winsor in his able work on this subject remarks, conclude that a great deal of the criticism recorded against him came from the "odium theologicum" or religious controversies of his day which blinded people usually fair minded, to such an extent that they could see little that was good in their opponent, especially when they chanced to be members of the religious orders or leaders in the Catholic Church,—so that it might be well for us to remember that much if not all of the controversy about the merits of André Thivet may have been groundless, and that he was on his return to France from America, made as a reward of his labors, aumonier to Catherine de Medicis, and at the same time appointed royal historiographer and cosmographer for his native France, honors which doubtless aroused many jealousies against the humble follower of St. Francis.

Nearly fifty years of solitude now intervene ere the outlines of Penobscot Bay are again brought before us, but the curtain of doubt and uncertainty was finally lifted by the coming of Martin Pring in 1603 and De Monts in the summer of 1604. We are indebted to De Monts' lieutenant, the illustrious Champlain for our first real facts on this beautiful region. "The coming of Champlain," as Sylvester has well remarked, "ended the mythical century."

"A true viking, who loved the tossing waves, and the howling of wind in the shrouds," as Fisk writes in his New France and New England, Champlain not only entered our many beautiful bays and rivers, but made his little "Patache" a familiar visitor along their charming shores, mooring off the Indian villages, making the acquaintance of God's American children whilst he sketched the outlines of their magnificent surroundings.

We therefore owe much to Champlain the Catholic, for the first definite outlines of our State.

The next expedition to visit Pentagoet may have been that of the Catholic Earl of Arundell under the leadership of Captain George Weymouth who with his annalist James Rosier may have called here in the Summer of 1605. At any rate the present Cape Rosier was named after him on the supposition that he moored his vessel off this bold and rocky shore.

But the one to give us some real information about Pentagoet and its "clustered wigwams" was Father Peter Biard, S. J., who landed here while on his way East from a visit to the Kennebec. In company with an expedition under the Sieur Diancourt Father Biard had sailed from the Kennebec on the 6th of November 1611 for the Pentagoet where he probably arrived about the 8th of the month.

"Pentegoet," writes Father Biard, "is a very beautiful river, and may be compared to the Garonne in France. It flows into French Bay and has many islands and rocks at its mouth; so that if you do not go up some distance, you will take it for a great bay or arm of the sea, until you begin to see plainly the bed and course of a river. It is about three leagues wide and is forty-four and one-half degrees from the Equator. We cannot imagine what the Norembega of our forefathers was, if it were not this river; for elsewhere both the others and I myself have made inquiries about this place, and have never been able to learn anything concerning it.

"When we had advanced three leagues or more into the current of the river, we encountered another beautiful river called the Chiboctous, which comes from the northeast to discharge its waters into the great Pentegoet.

"At the confluence of these two rivers there was the finest assemblage of Savages that I have yet seen. There were 80 canoes and a boat, 18 wigwams and about 300 people. The most prominent Sagamore was called Betsabes, a man of great discretion and prudence; and I confess that we often see in these Savages natural and graceful qualities which will make anyone but a shameless person blush, when they compare them to the greater part of the French who come over here. "When they had recognized us they showed their great joy during the evening by their unusual demonstrations; dancing, singing and making speeches. And as for us, we were glad to be in a country of safety; for among the Etechemins, as these are, and the Souriquois, as those of Port Royal, we are no more obliged to

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be on our guard than among our own servants, and thank God, we have never yet been deceived in them.

"The next day I went to visit the Savages, and following my usual custom, which I have described in speaking of the Kinibequi. But there was more to be done here, as they told me they had some sick; I went to visit them; and as priest, it being thus ordained in the Ritual, I recited over them the holy Gospel and the Prisons, giving each one a cross to wear around the neck.

"Among others I found one stretched out, after their fashion, before the fire, wonder expressed in his eyes and face, great drops standing out upon his forehead, scarcely able to speak, so severe was the attack. They told me he had been sick for four months and, as it appeared, he could not last long. Now I do not know what his malady was; whether it had only came intermittently or not I do not know; at all events, the second day after that I saw him in our barque, well and happy, with his cross around his neck. He showed gratitude to me by a cheerful smile and by taking my hand. I had no means of speaking to him, as the trading was then going on, and for this reason the deck was full of people and all the interpreters were busy. Truly I was very glad that the goodness of God was beginning to make these poor and abandoned people feel that in the sign of the holy and salutary Cross there was every good and every blessing.

"Finally, not to continue repeating the same story, both in this place and in all others, where we have been able to talk to these poor gentiles, we have attempted to impress upon them some of the simplest conceptions of the grandeur and the truth of Christianity, in so far as our means would permit. And to sum it up in a word, this has been the result of our journey. We have begun to know and be known, we have taken possesion of these regions in the name of the Church of God, establishing here the royal throne of our Savior and King, Jesus Christ, his holy altar; the Savages have seen us pray, celebrate the mass, and preach! through our conversations, pictures, and crosses, our way of living, and other similar things, they have received the first faint ideas and germs of our holy faith, which will some day take root and grow abundantly, please God, if it is followed by a longer and better cultivation."

A stay of several days among the Tarratines, for of such was the village of "clustered wigwams" at Pentagoet, convinced the good Jesuit Father that here by Penobscot's lovely bay was a race old in years, but young in its readiness to accept the mysteries of the Cross. These few days spent in Christian labor among them served to establish that mutual confidence so essential for the success of his mission, leading him to fondly hope that whatever may have heretofore been the religious practices of the Savage, would ere long give way to those of the one true faith.